NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 12. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1893. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

A ROYAL SOLDIER.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND HIS WORK.

H. H. Pearse in London Graphic.

The post of Commander-in-Chief of the British army is a position which the greatest soldier of this or any other country or age might have been proud to hold. The Duke of Cambridge must not claim to take rank with the greatest soldiers even of to-day, but there is none among them who has a quicker eye for mistakes in tactics or strategy, nor one with a fuller mastery of all details pertaining to the science of war, 'The Duke,' as he is always called throughout the army, owes his intimate knowledge of these things to an infinite capacity for hard work. That is a quality in which he resembles his uncle, Frederick Duke of York, and is resembled by the Duke of Connaught, of whom Lord Wolseley once said, 'There goes the hardest working officer in the army.' The Commander-in-Chief has his duties no less than his honors and privileges, and the Duke of Cambridge has ever been ready to take his share of the one as of the other. No matter how arduous or continuous work may be at the War Office, he has never shirked his proper share of it, or thrown on others' shoulders any of the burden that should be his. Indeed, his fault, if any, is rather the other way, leaning in the direction of doing for himself what might, with equal advantage, be deputed to others. Seeing that the Duke's first commission was that of a lieutenant-colonel in the 8th Light Dragoons (now the 8th Hussars), and that he never did regimental duty in any rank lower than that of field officer, his acquaintance with the minutiæ of drill is simply marvellous. He has a sergeant-major's quickness in detecting the least thing wrong in a line of many men, and any irregularity of accoutrement he notes as certainly as he does a blunder in tactics. All this is in ordinary men so much the result of training and daily habit that one wonders how one distracted with the multitudinous calls of royal estate should have found either inclination, time, or opportunity to study and perfect himself in numberless small things that others only acquire with reluctance and by some exercise of force. He did not, like his nephew, the Duke of Connaught, go through the various ranks of cavalry and infantry before reaching high command. The Duke's first commission as a light dragoon was dated 1842, though he had held the rank of brevet-colonel unattached five years earlier. By 1845, at the age of twenty-six, he had risen to be a major-general. Such rapid promotion neither merit nor hard work could have won, but the Duke's great claim to be considered a soldier by nature is that while going forward so fast he did not neglect to look back or to qualify himself for still further advancement by mastering the very elements and groundwork of military science. By patient and ceaseless application he had to acquire knowledge of duties that had never come within his practical experience. How hard that is every officer worth his salt knows, and how perfectly the Duke of Cambridge succeeded many a subaltern negligent in minor details has found out to his cost. I was once especially struck with this in the case of a small cavalry patrol that should have been watching the manœuvres by which 'dodgy Dan Lyson' got round his adversary's flank on the Fox Hills, something more than twenty years ago. The cavalry officer had kept his few men too much together, and had shown no enterprise in watching the wily enemy's movements. The Duke rode forward alone to see how the videttes were posted, then rode back to the subaltern and in round terms told him that unless he kept a better look-out, he would imperil a certain position by leaving it open for an enemy to penetrate. No enemy was in sight, but the warning was given a little too late, for when the videttes did push forward they found Lyson's cavalry in force coming up the very ravine indicated by the Duke, with guns and infantry close behind them. His Royal Highness has a reputation for excessive strategy and tactics, but that is not his weak point, and as a critic of others he certainly has no toleration for lack of initiative or of boldness in enterprise. In order to qualify himself for a command in the field under conditions that were never realized, and to make himself independent of all advisers, he put himself through a course of training in military science the result of which is apparent in the shrewd criticisms by which he sums up the achievements and blunders of all ranks at peace manœuvres. There are few who can do this in terser or more forcible phrases. Attaching great importance to discipline, he is, perhaps, something of a martinet in that respect; but, at the same time, he has every possible consideration for the men, whom he will not have exposed to unnecessary hardships for the sake of mere displays. Against reviews in hot weather or sham fights that must necessarily have exposed the rank and file to serious discomforts, if nothing worse, he has always set his face resolutely—and rightly. For that the soldiers owe much to their commander-in-chief.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G., K.T., K.P.
FIELD-MARSHAL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

It is not very generally known, except to soldiers, that the Duke, among other means of acquiring mastery of his profession, attached himself to the staff in Gibraltar for six months before taking substantive rank, and that for two years after being a colonel of dragoons he acted as a staff officer in the Ionian Islands, which had not then been handed over to Greece. He was a major-general commanding troops in the Dublin district and an inspector-general of cavalry at headquarters previous to his term of active service in the Crimea. On returning from that campaign he was temporarily without any specific appointment until he succeeded, in 1856, Viscount Hardinge, as General Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of Great Britain. But the two years of comparative freedom from military duties had not been wasted. He came to headquarters equipped with fuller knowledge and a determination to do his best for the efficiency of the army. All who have been brought in contact with him there know something of the means by which he has been instrumental in bringing about reforms of administration and measures tending to improve the condition of soldiers. He has always evinced, however, a great disinclination to be personally identified with changes in this direction. Enquiries instituted by him have been conducted by his orders, but the results in every case were embodied in formal reports that gave no clue to the original author, and probably His Royal Highness would not thank anybody for lifting the veil, seeing that he has never courted popularity. Conservative in his regard for all that could give distinction to military service and very jealous concerning the honor of a soldier's profession, he has been slow to yield on points that seemed, in his opinion, to affect the morals of the army. Notoriously he was not an advocate for abolition of purchase, thinking that the door might thus be opened for the advancement of men whose only qualification was ability to master subjects set in examination. But leaders by birth and the traditions of their race have not suffered in the struggle so far. Competition has been only another incentive for them to put forth their highest efforts, and the consequence is that we have in the British army of to-day a greater proportion of distinguished officers descended from long lines of fighting families than at any previous period of England's military history. In old days the Napiers, Goughs, and Hardinges were exceptional in this respect. Recent events, however, have brought to the front not only such conspicuous examples of hereditary fitness as Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, but the Hardinges, Stewarts and Goughs are still with us, and numberless younger officers could be cited who have already shown themselves worthy to bear the names of illustrious ancestors. The lists of 'passed with honor' at Woolwich and Sandhurst every year furnish abundant proof that the old fighting races are not likely to die out or to be beaten in the struggle for distinction yet. The Duke, therefore, must have long since discovered that his fears on this score were groundless. His opposition to the short service, on the contrary, has been so far justified that a partial return to the old system finds advocates in some of our most able soldiers to-day. It

AUBERT GALLION AVE

is too late, however, to go back altogether, and, recognizing this, the Commander-in-Chief is as zealous as the youngest and most energetic general in making the most of material as he finds it. Those who imagine that a commander-in-chief sits on a chair of uncrumpled rose-leaves, taking his duties lightly, would be speedily undeceived if they could get an insight into the Duke's daily routine at the War Office. He sets an example of hard work there and, except when engaged at reviews, inspections, or public ceremonies, he is rarely away from his office during the hours when others labor. All important movements of troops, their equipment, clothing, food, and drill are subjects in which he takes unceasing interest. And his knowledge of such details is not merely formal; nor is he content to accept any report brought before him without the most searching enquiry into reasons for all that is proposed or done. Adjutants-general and quartermasters-general who have served under him, all bear testimony to this fact. With all his precision in matters of detail, however, he never harasses his subordinates. There is no person more welcome in any department of the War Office than the Commander-in-Chief. He is in his room often from ten in the morning until six at night, and in times of emergency he works even longer hours. But everything works smoothly under him; and whether issuing orders or engaged in consultation with trusty colleagues, he has the happy knack of showing that he values the opinions and regards the feelings of all about him. All ranks of the army have firm faith in the justice with which he decides on all subjects of complaint brought before them, and how numerous these are few but those who are brought into close contact with soldiers have any conception. Inventors bear testimony to the treatment they are certain of receiving if they can secure an interview with the Duke and have an opportunity of laying their schemes before him. He brings to the consideration of questions affecting armament and equipment some scientific knowledge, great experience and shrewd, practical common sense. If any military invention has not met with the recognition its merits deserve, we may be sure the fault does not lie with the Duke of Cambridge.

THE ONLY WAY HOME.

In a recent number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, president of The King's Daughters, says: A scene of my childhood comes back to me as I write. My mother used to send me with little delicacies to a dear little woman who made rag carpets for a living. She had known better days, but her husband died, leaving her two children—the boy was so uncontrollable he had to be sent to sea, and the daughter was subject to fits, and at the time I speak of she herself had what was supposed to be an incurable disease. She belonged to a church class of which I was a member, and I used to hear her speak every week. She always spoke of the goodness of God, but one day, to my surprise, she only said, 'It is very hard,' and sat down. I had always though it very hard, and I wondered what the minister would say. He was silent for a moment, and then said, 'Sister, suppose you had lost your way, and could not find your home, and at last one should tell you that he knew the way to your home but it was a long, a very rough way that led to it, but he could take you there if you wished to go, and you should say, 'Oh, any way if I only get home; I do not care what way I go if I only reach there,' and your friend should start with you. Suppose after a time you should become conscious of the hard road, and looking down and seeing the marks from your bleeding feet you complained of the road to your friend who was taking you home, and said, 'Why did you bring me this way? My feet are bleeding.' Would he not say, 'You said only take me home, I do not care about the way?' The minister did not go any further, for the dear little woman exclaimed, 'It is all right, His will be done.'

Maybe some of us had better be thinking whether we are not going the only way home. I believe our Father loves us so, that if there were any other way for us He would take us that way. And we shall see by-and-by that this was the right way. We are being tested, and the fact that we cannot bear the testing shows that we need it, and who can say but that the process would change if the work of character that God never loses sight of were accomplished? Anyway let us keep our eyes turned in the direction of the goodness of God.

THE NEW RAISED MAP OF PALESTINE.

BY FREDERICK JONES BLISS, OF THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION SURVEY.

There is nothing so convincing to the average man as an appeal to the eye. The lecturer who would draw an audience calls to his aid the lime-light and the stereoscopic slide. Description without illustration leaves but little impression. These truisms were strongly impressed on me when I saw to-day the new raised map of Palestine. It is based upon the well-known surveys of the Palestine Exploration Fund of London, but how much more vividly it brings to mind the Holy Land!

The map is on the scale of three-eighths of an inch to a mile, and is seven feet six inches long, and four feet wide without the frame. There lies the country before you, with all its heights and depths, its rivers and lakes.

Prominent in the north is Hermon, extending on into the anti-Lebanon, separated from the Lebanon by the valley-plain of Cœle-Syria, three thousand feet above the sea; a fact at once verifiable, for there lies the sea a few inches off, stretching away to the west. We can follow the Phœnician coast past the triangular plain of Beirut, jutting out from the foot of the Lebanon, past the bold buff of the Ladder of Tyre, down to the striking range of Carmel, and then on along the rolling Philistine plain to the frontier town of Gaza. Or we can come from the lake of Hulch, which is at about sea level, down through that wonderful depression of the Jordan valley, into the lake of Tiberias, six hundred feet lower, and on to the Dead Sea, which makes the deepest depression in the map, being thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. Steep and grand from the shores of that bitter sea, rise the mountains of Moab. I forget I am looking at a map, I am once again on the Russian tower on the Mount of Olives, watching these mysterious hills lambent with colors of purple. Of course I at once turned to the north-east of Gaza, wondering whether Tell-el-Hesy, my home for part of two years, was too insignificant to appear. But there it was at the junction of the two valleys, where we used to draw our water along with our brother tent-dwellers, the Arabs of the Juberat. Tiny indeed is Tell-el-Hesy, but prominent to-day from the precious cuneiform tablet which rewarded my long labors there. How often it happens that the names of the leaders of an expedition survive, while no one knows who were of the rank and file. The names of Conder and of Kitchener are always associated with the survey of Palestine. But now, owing to this careful and accurate map, on which Mr. George Armstrong, now assistant secretary to the Fund, has been at work five years, we are able to appreciate how much the survey owed to him as well as to the other assistants who accompanied all the expeditions.'

Of equal assistance will the new map be to those who have not visited Palestine and to those who have their tour in memory. The former will be able to take in on a short inspection more details of its physical geography than could be gathered in a week's study from books. The latter will find it a charming stimulus to memory; how hot it was as we toiled up this steep hill! What a good gallop we had over this bit of plain! Here we camped, on this bluff above the lake. That is the valley where the horse cast a shoe.

The map is not encumbered with names, which would only destroy the effect of naturalness. A key-map should hang at its side. The coast cities are named, and a red line shows the site of the prominent inland towns. The sea, lakes, and the perennial streams, are blue; the coast plains are yellow, but otherwise the map is white. In a word, nothing has been inserted which would destroy the effect of the contours. Perhaps some of your readers, as they stroll about the Chicago exhibition, will turn aside into the corner where the map stands.—*Sunday-School Times*.

WHY WE DO NOT HEAR HIM.

God is a speaking God, and if we do not hear his voice in this nineteenth century, and in this busy American land of ours, it is not because he is not here and never speaks; it is because our ears are so full of the strife of business, or full of the calls of duty, or of our own plans and purposes, that we do not know how to listen—to just simply be still and listen to God.—*Lyman Abbott.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—SEPT. 24, 1893.

REVIEW.—Acts 16:6-28:31.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.'—Rom. 10:17.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 16:1-40.—Lessons I., II.
T. Acts 17:16-18:11.—LessonsIII., IV.
W. Acts 19:1-12; 20:17-38.—Lessons V., VI.
Th. Acts 21:27-39.—Lesson VII.
F. Acts 24:10-25 26:1-32.—Lessons VIII., IX.
S. Acts 27:1-44.—Lesson X.
S. Acts 28:1-31; Rom. 14:12-23.—Lessons XI., XII.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent.—What vision had Paul at Troas?

School.—There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us.

Supt.—In what city of Europe did Paul first preach?

School.—In Philippi, the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony.

Supt.—Who was the first convert there?

School.—A certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God.

Supt.—What did the magistrates of Philippi do with Paul and Silas?

School.—When they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely.

Supt.—What great wonders took place?

School.—There was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed.

Supt.—What did the converted jailer do?

School.—He took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.

Supt.—What did Paul say to the Athenians on Mars' Hill?

School.—As I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

Supt.—How was Paul encouraged at Corinth?

School.—Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace.

Supt.—What was the effect of Paul's ministry in Ephesus?

School.—All they which dwelt in Asia heard the words of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks.

Supt.—What solemn declaration did Paul make to the elders of Ephesus?

School.—I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

Supt.—What did certain Jews of Asia do when they saw Paul in the temple at Jerusalem?

School.—They stirred up all the people, and laid hands on him, crying out, Men of Israel, help: this is the man, that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place.

Supt.—What did the multitude cry out when Paul was rescued from those who were about to kill him?

School.—The multitude followed after, crying Away with him.

Supt.—What effect had Paul's reasonings upon Felix.

School.—As he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.

Supt.—How did Paul close his defence before Agrippa.

School.—Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am except these bonds.

Supt.—In whose charge was Paul sent to Rome?

School.—They delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band. Acts 27:1.

Supt.—What did the angel of God say to Paul in the storm?

School.—Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.

Supt.—What did Paul say to Julius and the soldiers when the sailors were about to flee out of the ship?

School.—Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.

Supt.—Was the promise of the angel to Paul fulfilled?

School.—It came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.

Supt.—How long was Paul a prisoner in Rome?

School.—Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came unto him.

Supt.—In what good work was he employed?

School.—Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

Supt.—What rule did Paul give concerning self-denial for the sake of others?

School.—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Review drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism questions.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 1, 1893.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.—Rom. 1: 8-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'—Rom. 1:16.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 1:1-17. The Prayer of the Gospel.
T. Gal. 6:10-18.—Glorying in the Cross.
W. Eph. 2:1-22.—By Grace through Faith.
Th. Jer. 23:1-8.—The Lord our Righteousness.
F. 1 Cor. 1:21-31.—The Preaching of the Cross.
S. 1 Cor. 2:1-16.—Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.
S. John 3:1-21.—God's Great Love for the World.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Power in Prayer. vs. 8.10.
II. Power in Love. vs. 11-13.
III. Power to Save. vs. 14-17.

TIME.—Spring, A.D. 58; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Galilee.

PLACE.—Written from Corinth, at the close of the three months' residence there of Acts 20:3; the wintering of 1 Cor. 16:6.

OPENING WORDS.

The Epistle to the Romans was written probably in the spring of A. D. 58, from Corinth, during Paul's three months' abode in that city (Acts 20:3), and sent to Rome by Phœbe of Cenchrea, Rom. 16:1. In it the apostle gives a comprehensive view of the Christian system, and especially of the way of salvation through justification by faith and sanctification by the Spirit of Christ.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

8. *Through Jesus Christ*—compare Eph. 5:20; John 14:13; Heb. 13:15. Through him all our offerings to God must be made. 10. *By the will of God*—under the divine guidance. 11. *Established*—confirmed in the faith and practice of the Gospel. 13. *Was let*—was hindered. *That I might have some fruit*—might be the means of good in Rome, as in other places. 14. *I am debtor*—I am officially bound to preach the Gospel to all classes of men. 15. *As much as in me is*—so far depends upon my will. 16. We have here the theme of the whole epistle—the method of salvation, and the persons to whom it may be proposed. *The power of God*—that through which the power of God is manifested. Acts 8:10; 1 Cor. 1:18, 24. 17. *The righteousness of God*—that righteousness which God bestows and which is acceptable in his sight; the justifying righteousness which God gives, as distinguished from that which is obtained by our own works. Phil. 3:9. *From faith to faith*—these words are to be connected with the word righteousness. They are extensive and equivalent to 'entirely of faith.' This righteousness God gives to sinners through their faith in Christ. See Catechism Question 33.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When did Paul write the Epistle to the Romans? Where? By whom did he send it? What does it contain? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. POWER IN PRAYER. vs. 8-10.—For what does Paul commend the Romans? Whom does he acknowledge as the author of their faith? Through whom does he render thanks to God? To what does he refer as proof that he was thankful for the faith of the Romans? Meaning of God is my witness? How did he serve God? For what did he so constantly pray? Meaning of by the will of God?

II. POWER IN LOVE. vs. 11-13.—Why was Paul so desirous to visit Rome? Meaning of spiritual gift? What did he expect from intercourse with his brethren? What had he long intended to do? What had prevented him from so doing? What is meant by having fruit?

III. POWER TO SAVE. vs. 14-17.—Why did he feel ready to preach even at Rome? vs. 14, 15. Why was he not ashamed of the Gospel? Meaning of it is the power of God? Why is it so powerful in effecting? Whose salvation is effected by the Gospel? To what does Paul ascribe the efficacy of the Gospel? What is meant by the righteousness of God? How is this righteousness from or by faith? Meaning of from faith to faith? What is justification?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Our prayers and thanksgivings should be presented to God through Jesus Christ.

2. God is the source of all spiritual good; is to be worshipped in spirit; and his providence is to be recognized in every event of life.

3. The gospel offers to men the only way of salvation.

4. The gospel meets the wants of all men, and must be preached to all.

5. All who hear the gospel should without delay believe, that it may be the power of God to their salvation.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. For what did Paul commend the Roman Christians? Ans. For their strong and decided faith.

2. What did he mention in proof of his great regard for them? Ans. His constant prayers for them and that he might be permitted to visit them.

3. What did he say of his willingness to preach at Rome? Ans. As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.

4. Why was he not ashamed of the gospel? Ans. For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

5. What is revealed therein? Ans. Therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

COURAGE.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Hast thou made shipwreck of thy happiness?
Yet if God please,
Thou'lt find thee some small haven none the less,
In nearer seas,
Where thou mayst sleep for utter weariness,
If not for ease.

The part thou dreamedst of, thou shalt never reach,
Tho gold its gates
And wide and fair the silver of its beach.
For Sorrow waits
To pilot all whose aims too far outreach,
Towards darker straits.

Yet so no soul divine thou art astray:
On this cliff's crown
Plant thou a victor flag ere breaks the day
Across night's brown;
And none shall guess it doth but point the way
Where a barque went down.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

Look to the cellar, see that there are no vegetables or fruit in a half-decayed state, clear out odds and ends of all sorts, sweep scrape, scrub if necessary, brush out, dust all ashes from the heater, that have accumulated during the winter and hang around on the cobwebs, for they are nurseries of disease. Dark spots on the wall should be cleared off and whitewashed. Lime is a great purifier, and copperas-water is invaluable for killing disease-germs. Two or three pounds of copperas dissolved in half a barrel of water and used with a sprinkler around drains and low places where the water settles out-of-doors, may save a doctor's bill or a break in the family circle. Pour a few pailfuls of copperas-water down the sink and through the pipes, deluge water-closets with it and scatter it in all places where there are bad odors.

Keep a can of potash on the shelf over the kitchen-sink, drop a few crystals into the sink and let the water dissolve it and run away through the pipes; watch all damp corners; if the walls are water-soaked and paper falls off leaving a colony of well-developed fungus-growths in various shades of blue and black, scrape the walls, get a little Portland cement, mix it with water and put it on with a whitewash brush. Work rapidly, mixing a small quantity at a time, and this will not only give the walls a hard finish but will make them as water-proof as a china cup.

Some day, when we know a great deal more than we do now, all the plaster on our walls will be made of this sort of material, stuff that water cannot get through; then we will have no more trouble with paper falling off and growing damp and discolored.

More people die from carelessness and stupidity in the world than from any other cause. It is too much trouble to keep things clean, and because the enemy doesn't come with a roaring noise and branished weapons, nothing is thought about it. A stitch in time saves nine, and a little care early in the season may save doctors' large fees and not infrequently undertakers' larger bills.—*Jennes Miller.*

SPOON VS. SHOVEL.

HELEN A. STEINHAUER.

'Annie Gresham, can you tell what ails the Lannetts that they never seem to get ahead? I can't understand it! There isn't a more industrious and hard-working couple in town; their family is not large; Mr. Lannett neither drinks, smokes, nor chews; he puts in full time and never is away from his shop a day, summer or winter. Then she works out, too, besides taking in washing, so that she certainly earns more than her own support. They cannot be extravagant, as they spend next to nothing for dress, and their household belongings could not well be any shabbier.'

'Must be shiftless!' exclaimed Cathie Lambkin, a dark-eyed girl more given to listening than to speaking.

'What do you mean by shiftless?' asked Sadie Tompkins, the first speaker.

'Like the Lannetts,' answered Cathie, with a short laugh.

'I think Cathie has struck the key-note,' said Annie Gresham. 'It must be a case of "spoon vs. shovel."

'Now you are talking in riddles; please explain yourself,' was Sadie's rejoiner.

'I've heard that a woman could "throw out more with a spoon than a man could bring in with a shovel," replied Annie: 'and some little things which I noticed the other day, satisfied me as to the cause of the Lannett's poverty. I called there yesterday to see if Mrs. Lannett could wash for Aunt Sue, and as I was very tired, I accepted the offer of a good rest before coming home. The day before, I met Mrs. Lannett at Hobb's grocery, buying a new broom and some soap. She said she was cleaning house and was nearly through.

'When I came she was washing windows; had a pail of hot suds in which was soaking a piece of sapolio, which she always dropped back in the water after rubbing it on her rag. Then after washing the glass with the well-soaped cloth she dried and polished it with her calico apron, without any attempt at rinsing or washing off any of the soap. As a consequence, her windows were dull and cloudy-looking when she was through.

'When it came to the floor she seized her nice new broom (which was standing straw end down), and plunged it into the pail; and her energetic movements, with the friction against the sides of the pail which was under size, rubbed the stitches open in less than five minutes and its best usefulness ended.

'She used the water in which she had washed the windows, for the floor, which was painted a dark brown. The sapolio was still soaking in it, and when the boards dried they looked as if they had been chalked in streaks, so much of the sand of the soap was left upon them. When she emptied the pail there was only a thin sliver of the cake left. Seeing me look at it, she exclaimed:

'"Soap don't last no time, does it? I ain't washed but just two windows and the porch-floor with this piece, and see how nigh gone 'tis! It beats all how much soap we do use in this fam'ly!"'

'Just what I should have expected of the Lannetts!' said Sarah Tompkins.

'I could not help thinking,' continued Annie, 'that if everything else went as fast it was not to be wondered at that her husband's wages and her own hard earnings procured them so little comfort.

'My mother used to say that "a wilful waste made a woeful want,"' said Clara Lipscomb. 'Probably that is at the root of their poverty.'

'Hardly a wilful waste in their case, so much as thoughtlessness and carelessness,' replied Annie Gresham. 'We girls of the cooking club can hardly feel thankful enough for our own careful training in housewifely ways, as well as the preparation of healthful appetizing food.'

'Yes,' said Sue Purdham, 'I presume there's no telling how much the poor woman does waste! She told me one day that she knew nothing at all about housework when she married, and that her husband taught her how to cook and bake, as his mother who had no daughters, had made him do work about the house, instead of hiring help.'

'It's odd what a contrast there is in people,' said Fay Armstrong. 'There's the Widow Nesbitt on the same street, who hasn't a tenth of the means the Lannetts must have, for she has absolutely no income except what she earns, and you know how poor her health is, and that she is half blind, so it can't be much. Yet she manages so thriftily that she is unkindly talked about by the gossips, who neither realize her gift of economy nor recognize its results.'

'To my knowledge she hasn't had a new outer garment for years, and yet I have heard people say, distrustfully, that it was 'a mystery to them how she could dress so well and yet be so poor.'

'Yes, I know,' continued Fay, 'her best dress—the one she wore to church this summer—was a five-cent calico, made three years ago, but seldom worn, and so carefully kept that it had never yet been washed.'

'It's just so with her house,' said Annie Gresham; 'it is neat and cosy, with an air of refinement although everything is very plain. Her chairs are wooden, and she has only a rag carpet for her best room. Yet ill-natured persons imagine that she pretends to be worse off than she really is, because she is so frank and straight forward that she does not pretend to be better off than she really is!'

'Well, girls,' said Sue Purdham, 'let us learn the lesson of thrift and making the best of circumstances; and if we are not compelled to save, like Widow Nesbit, let us give help to others less fortunate than the Girls' Cooking Club.—*Housekeeper.*

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

BY PIERRE S. STARR, M.D.

All recognize the necessity of breathing, but while knowing that life is jeopardized by interference with the supply of air, few appreciate the importance of its purity. Aware that its withdrawal means death, most fail to realize what is equally true, that the contamination or the air breathed as surely shortens life, enfeebles the body, and enervates the mind.

Were air of marketable value, and choice cuts only to be procured at a proportionate price, it would be keenly scrutinized, and condemned if tainted; if it had to be sought after like water, it would be filtered and boiled, and microscopically investigated, but being a boon "as free as air," its inestimable importance is wilfully or stupidly ignored. It is worth while, then, to consider why we breathe, and why the inspired air should be pure.

The chemist tells us that the atmosphere consists of a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, and though the latter gas comprises four-fifths of the whole, it is merely a dilutent, and the oxygen is the active principle upon which all animal life depends.

The act of breathing consists in the elimination of carbonic acid and other gases and organic impurities from the system, and the introduction of oxygen.

In respiration we draw in and emit a similar quantity, but a very different quality of air. The breath we draw in is, or ought to be, pure air compounded of oxygen and nitrogen; the breath we give out is an impure air to which has been added, among other things, an excess of carbonic acid. The one feeds the fires of life, and the other just as surely puts them out; the one is vital to animal life, the other to vegetation.

By ventilation we strive to let out this foul air and let in the fresh, to substitute that which abounds in oxygen and health for that which has been breathed and spoilt.

The impurity in the air due to the presence of human beings, and which makes ventilation necessary to health, is not only, or chiefly, carbonic acid. There are other gases and other dangerous and offensive impurities present, and organic emanations from the system that are more harmful than the carbonic acid. This gas is odorless, and the musty smell and the unpleasant sensation of closeness are due to the decomposing articles in the exhalation from the lungs.

The sense of smell is the ordinary guide for determining whether or not a room is well ventilated, but the person so deciding must enter the room from the fresh air.

On entering a crowded room from the cool, pure air, one often feels oppressed and nearly stifled, and wonders that the inmates can be so unconcerned and unmindful of the repulsiveness of the atmosphere. The human organism has a wonderful way of adjusting itself to circumstances, and soon one becomes accustomed to the conditions that were at first so forbidding. The sensations have become blunted, vital action has been lowered to meet the conditions of the atmosphere, and one is poisoned to a degree to render him heedless of qualities that would in his normal state have made him very uncomfortable. If the air becomes contaminated still further, there is an increased sense of dulness, a weight or fulness in the head, giddiness, nausea, and faintness.

Who has not painfully struggled against the drowsy influence of heated and impure air at some lecture or sermon? The mind wanders into vacancy in spite of strenuous effort to enforce attention and to seem alert. The best endeavors are in vain. The speaker's form grows hazy and indistinct, and his unheeded words become a soothing lullaby. The lids droop as if compelled by leaden weights, the limbs relax, the jaw drops, and the head lurches forward with a jerk that threatens dislocation, and arouses the momentary slumberer to a painfully vivid sense of his surroundings. He is now thoroughly awake, and tries to appear as if he had always been so, but all pretence is useless. Again and again does the mephitic air overcome his sense of propriety. At last, what might have been a pleasant and profitable evening draws to a close. He joyfully quits the close, ill-ventilated hall, and renews his life with the pure air of heaven.

Fresh air is essential for the well being of all, but especially is it for children in whom tissue change is more active than in the adult. They quickly show in their pallid faces and drooping spirits the effects of close confinement in poorly ventilated rooms. The choicest food, the most assiduous care, the best approved drugs fail to bring that color to the cheek and elasticity to the muscles that the pure air of the country or seaside affords.

In bedrooms, perhaps, more mischief occurs from close air than elsewhere. A third part of our lives is spent there, and in many cases it is a stifling apartment, under the mistaken notion that night air is injurious. As from sundown to dawn there is no other air to breathe than night air, it is better to have it of the best quality and uncontaminated.

Anyone who has enjoyed camp life, knows how much more refreshed and buoyant one is after a night's rest under the imperfect shelter of a tent, even if he has lain on the ground, than if he had been tucked away amid sumptuous surroundings in a stuffy room. The artifical light in a room rapidly spoils the air for breathing; a large gas burner, or kerosene lamp, causes as great a production of carbonic acid as five or six adults.

Persons who fastidiously shun approach to the dirty, the squalid, and the diseased, who would shrink from the touch of a hand begrimed with honest labor; who punctiliously filter and boil their drinking water; are finical about their food, and scrupulously nice as to everything that appeals to the sight, unhesitatingly resort to places of assembly where they draw into their systems air loaded with effluvia from lungs, and skins, and clothes, of everyone in the promiscuous crowd. Such emanations from the healthy would be offensive, but from the lungs of those more or less diseased, and in every state of decomposition, would, if palpable, excite the keenest disgust.

If those in charge of our public assembly rooms had more concern for the condition of the air therein, they would add much to the pleasure and profit of their patrons. The fact is ignored that the atmosphere of hall or lecture-room, which at the beginning of an evening is in a fit state to breathe, rapidly deteriorates under the influence of the many lights and the volume of noisome exhalations. No provision is made to let out the old and in the new air. Fans begin to wave and the audience to weary; close attention can not be maintained; the speaker's best points fall on dulled ears as the air becomes more and more polluted; till, half stupefied, one wavers between the choice of falling in a fainting fit, or sending a missile through the window to let in the coveted fresh air. All this discomfort could and should be obviated by proper attention to ventilation. If people realized the impurity of the material they were absorbing, and the aptitude of lungs and bronchial tubes to contract disease in consequence, they would be less apprehensive of drafts, and unreserved in censure of those who are responsible for such unwholesome conditions.—*Worthington's Monthly.*

RECIPES.

CREAM RASPBERRY TART.—Line a deep dish with rich crust. Fill with raspberries made very sweet; cover with crust but do not pinch the edges together. When done, lift the top crust, which should be thicker than usual, and pour over the fruit a cold custard made of one small cupful of cream or milk, the beaten whites of two eggs, a tablespoonful of sugar, and one-half a teaspoonful of cornstarch.

BROWN BREAD.—Three cupfuls each of sweet milk, and cornmeal, one cupful each of sour milk and flour, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one egg. Fill one-pound baking-powder cans, well greased, three-quarters full. Cover and steam three hours, and bake one hour.

WHO SET IT GOING?

CHAPTER I.

HER ONE FLAW.

It was a May morning; the sun was shining brightly, deepening the gold of the yellow daffodils, unfolding the leaves of the late flowering shrubs, and making one feel that summer was at hand. The golden rays fell across Mrs. Baldwin's box borders—in at her front windows on to the richly-hued, carefully, preserved, Brussels carpets.

She was much too economical a housewife to suffer that, and with promptitude she stepped to the drab venetians and gently began to lower them.

In an ordinary way, this would not have taken long: whatever her faults, Mrs. Baldwin was not given to wasting her time—no one could call her a window-gazer. How would her husband and children's clothing be kept in such beautiful repair, and her house in such excellent order if she idled her time? Window-gazing was entirely out of her line.

Nevertheless, with mingled feelings of surprise she stood with her eyes centred on a certain bay window in which was displayed the announcement.

"This house to be let."

With uncomfortable sensations she gazed at that bill.

"Were the Parkers going to move?"

The question brought a flush to Mrs. Baldwin's cheeks, as she settled in her own mind that they were going away because Pratt's Row was no longer good enough for them. She felt sure they were going to the Clapperton Road, for she had seen Mrs. Parker and her little daughter coming from that direction.

Arrived at this conclusion, she lowered the blinds and turned from the window.

But jealousy was rampant in her breast.

The Parkers—more especially Mrs. Parker—occupied her mind that day—the airs the latter would give herself, and the clothes she would wear. Mrs. Baldwin told herself that a certain lavender silk dress—the possession of which was the root and crown of Mrs. Parker's offences—would, no doubt, be followed by others still handsomer.

The thought grieved Mrs. Baldwin, who, unhappily, could not witness prosperity in others without feelings of envy.

If the Parkers had appeared poorer than herself, she might have extended the right hand of fellowship, but from their arrival in Pratt's Row, it was believed that Lawrence Parker and his young wife were in comfortable circumstances, and as she heard from all quarters what "nice persons" they were, and what an engaging, lovable, little woman was Mrs. Parker, the one great flaw in Mrs. Baldwin's character swallowed up all better feelings.

Unfortunately she had the ear of the Row, and when she began to spread reports of a disparaging nature against the young couple, her neighbors also evinced an unfriendly demeanor towards the inhabitants of No. 5 and the side of popular favor turned against the Parkers.

Such was the state of affairs on the day that Mrs. Baldwin saw their house was to be let.

With astonishing rapidity surmise and rumor were transformed into facts; conjecture became certainty, and by the time Mrs. Baldwin and her neighbors had discussed the affairs of Lawrence Parker and his wife, it was confidently asserted that not only were the young couple going to rent a large house in the Clapperton Road, but that Mr. Parker had been made a partner of his firm, and Mrs. Parker had inherited a fortune.

And Mrs. Baldwin, with an unamiable expression on her countenance, asked Mrs. Crow, the oldest inhabitant of Pratt's Row, if she did not think some persons extremely lucky?

But Mrs. Crow shook her snow-crowned head, as she mildly expressed her astonishment at the Parkers leaving Pratt's Row.

"Instead of moving into a larger house," she said, "it would be much better to put something by for a rainy day; but the fault of the age is to spend—there is no storing for the unforeseen; but so many, directly they increase their incomes, add to their expenses, and are no better off than before."

"It is all Mrs. Parker's doings," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "see how she dresses."

"Yes, my dear, that lavender silk is fit for a duchess; true, Mrs. Parker has had it a long time, and she seems to take care of it, still from all you have told me I am afraid she is both extravagant and wasteful, and I do hope that fair-haired trot of theirs won't come to want, but with reckless, improvident parents there is no knowing what to expect."

And while rumor and surmise were thus busy, events, of which the inhabitants of Pratt's Row little dreamed, were threatening to overwhelm some of its inhabitants.

CHAPTER II.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.

No. 5 was on the sunny side of Pratt's Row; perhaps for that reason, to exclude the golden rays of the beautiful sun, so great a terror to some housewives, the blinds were drawn.

But whatever the motive, they hid from the passers-by the pale, fair-haired woman who, with weary look, brushed the tears from her wan face.

But though the closed venetians shut out the inquisitive gaze of the outside world, two sad, wonder-struck eyes solemnly regarded the grief-stricken figure.

"What 'ou crying for, mumma?"

And two tiny hands were placed on "mumma's" arm. A moment later their owner was on "mumma's" knee, and two fair heads nestled side by side.

"What 'ou crying for, mumma?"

And "mumma" said that she was so unhappy because "dada" was out of a situation, and could not get anything to do, and it made her so miserable and silly, because she did not know what would become of them all.

And as the sorrow-stricken, overcharged heart poured out its burden, the tiny listener kissed and stroked "mumma's" wet cheeks, while her eyes grew large and wistful.

Then "mumma ..ugged her in her arms, and smothered her with kisses, and whispered that she was her darling, and "dada's" darling too, and that they ought not to mind being poor as long as they had her and one another, and perhaps some day "dada" would get another situation and though they had to go from this nice home, yet in another they might be just as happy, for it wasn't exactly where one lived, but what one was in one's self that made life's sunshine.

And at the word sunshine a smile overspread the child's face, and she pointed to a ray struggling through the closed blinds.

And the young mother told her that she was her sunshine, and that "dada" and "mumma" loved this dear home because she was born there; and that "mumma" had come there when she was a bride, and "dada" never thought of adversity befalling him then, and it never would have done so if the head of the firm, old Mr. Pancroft, had not died; then she explained how his successor had turned "dada" out of the firm, and how difficult it was to get another situation, and when the little money that they had in hand was quite gone they would have nothing.

"Nothing, baby; absolutely nothing!" she cried.

And with a sad shake of her head, "baby" mournfully echoed, "Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"No, darling, nothing; so we must sell the furniture and go away from here, and I should not mind so much if I had anyone to say a kind word to me; but, for some reason or other, the neighbors look at us and shun us, just as if they knew something dreadful about us; but we've no friends, now that Mr. and Mrs. Pancroft are dead. You know, baby, how very kind they were to us, and that Mrs. Pancroft gave me that lavender silk dress that "dada" is so fond of; but, now they are both gone, we have no one to help us—no, darling, no one to help us."

Then with brighter courage, she added:

"But better days will come. God is good, though mother is so wicked as to complain."

And again the fair heads nestled against each other as baby softly patted "mumma's" cheeks.

Then in the silence that followed, a thought entered "mumma's" mind, a thought that made her eyes bright with eagerness.

She whispered this thought to baby—she softly told her that instead of weeping and fretting she was going to put her shoulder to the wheel.

"What a silly mother I have been, baby darling, to let poor "dada" worry about what he's to do, when I'm able to earn money as well as he."

And while baby's rosy lips parted with excitement, her mother told her that she was quite clever at all sorts of beautiful needle-work.

"And why can't I turn my cleverness to account, baby? If I can get work I'll do it. Yes, mother will manage somehow, and when "dada" comes home we will tell him about it."

A little later when Pratt's Row was in a crimson glow with the setting sun, a knock at the door announced "dada"; in another moment mother and child were in his strong, loving arms. But the blue eyes, so clear and true, told no tale of success, as he tossed his clustering hair from his broad white brow.

But it was not till they were sitting at tea—with "baby" perched in her high chair between "dada" and "mumma," that the latter disclosed her plans. And notwithstanding her husband's assurance that he must get into something soon, and that they would be all right before long, she declared her intention of seeking work the next day.

But, notwithstanding Lawrence Parker's cheerful prediction, he did not get into "something soon," and, far from being "all right," everything was all wrong; while Mrs. Parker found it was not so easy to get work as she had imagined.

And these were the persons that the inhabitants of Pratt's Row said had come into a fortune, and were going to live in the Clapperton Road—in the Clapperton Workhouse, more likely!

The days passed, and there were mysterious doings at No. 5: by night, in its darkness and gloom, a covered cart was frequently seen at the door; to this was removed sundry articles of furniture; one by one, the pretty things that had made the Parkers' home so attractive was conveyed thither, leaving their rooms bare and drear.

But there is little need to enlarge on their necessity—but too well may some know what want of employment to the head of a household entails on him and his.

To live—to exist—the Parkers had to part with their goods; but the battle was fierce, and in their trouble they longed for human sympathy; but the cold, repellant looks of the inhabitants of the Row deterred them from making their misery known to their neighbors.

It was the day before the quarter; on the morrow they were to leave their old home.

Mrs. Parker sat wearily stitching; her flaxen-haired daughter softly cooed to a one-eyed doll. Presently the child stepped to the open window, and peeped through the venetians; at that moment some one passed—a stout, comely woman, with a brown wicker basket. She watched her curiously and saw her go in at Mrs. Crow's gate; a few moments later, with a thoughtful look on her baby face, she turned from the casement and scrambled into an old arm-chair. Then her eyes grew drowsy, the long brown lashes rested on the pale, wan cheeks, and with dolly fast cuddled in her arms she fell asleep.

Then she thought that some one pressed her tiny fingers; and this some one had a tall figure and a kind face; and as baby closely regarded her she saw it was Mrs. Crow.

As a rule, baby had not much to say to strangers, but now she became loquacious.

As Mrs. Crow smiled at her, she told her that "dada" and "mumma" were going away from their nice home because "dada couldn't get 'ployment," and her-"mumma's eyes ached with crying, and she could not see to thread her needles. And she would like 'ou to thread them for her," added baby.

And at this announcement Mrs. Crow looked so kind that the little maid waxed bold, and tightly clasping the fingers that held hers, whispered:

"Toud 'ou dive my dada and mumma some bread and butter?"

And while she waited in breathless suspense for the reply, the old lady gently disengaged her hand, opened a large basket, and displayed a beautiful white loaf, plum cake, custard pudding, apples, oranges, pears, greengages, currants and raspberries, and so many other delightful things that, with a cry of pleasure, baby stretched forth her hands—in so doing she awoke.

The large eyes opened and the vision was gone; and with a mournful whimper she buried her face in dolly's neck and wept silently.

Presently she looked round the room, "mumma" was asleep, the work had fallen from her hand, and for once she was unconscious of her darling's movements.

Then baby slid to her feet, carefully placed "dolly" down and picked "mumma's" work from the floor; with this in her arms, and a set purpose on her face, she moved towards the door, and in another minute was in the hall.

The lock of the street door was within reach; many a time had "dada" let her open it for him, and now mistress of the situation, she pulled back the catch, stepped over the threshold, and without pause or hesitancy, made her way down Pratt's Row.

(To be Continued.)

PLAIN TALK.

The bravest of all men is the one who knows that he stands where God has put him.

No man can take a single step toward heaven unless he is looking toward God while he is doing it.

Whenever God lifts a man up, he gives him something important to attend to.

If there is anybody on the face of the earth who ought to be happy three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, it is the Christian.

You can depend upon this: If you are not doing anything to win people to Christ, you are doing something to keep them away.

The way to get more from God is to thank him for what he has already given.

A little religion is the meanest thing on earth. It is a slander against God and a curse to men.

A store that would turn out its electric lights and go to burning candles, might as well begin to save rent at the same time by putting up the shutters. Nobody will believe that we love the Lord, unless his spirit shines in our life.

There are ten thousand reasons why we should all have the religion we can hold, and none why we should not.

Let us make up our minds that we will either be a credit to the family of God, or stop trying to make the world believe we belong to it. Let us get religion right, or quit.—*Ram's Horn.*

AN ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The Boston *Transcript* tells the following story of Professor Blackie: Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. 'Sir!' thundered Blackie, 'hold your book in your right hand!'—and as the student would have spoken—'No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!' The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. 'Sir, I hae nae right hand!' he said. Before Blackie could open his lips there arose such a storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Edinburgh to hear: and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast. 'My boy,' said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—'my boy you'll forgive me that I was over rough? I did not know—I did not know!' He turned to the students and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said: 'And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen.' Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

LUM FOON AND HIS WIFE.

BY REV. FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D.D., OF SAN FRANCISCO.

One afternoon, about fifteen years ago, a quiet, thoughtful looking young Chinaman, recently arrived from South China, was walking down Jackson street, San Francisco. Seeing the doors of our mission preaching hall open, he was drawn by curiosity to join the crowd inside. It was a Chinese preacher that was holding forth the word of life, and it was on that afternoon that Lum Foon first heard the Gospel of God's grace and love. His attention had been arrested: he procured Christian books, read them over and over again, and soon became a daily listener at the preaching hall. The truth found in him a receptive heart, and when he accepted the Saviour it was with a strength of full conviction, and with an enthusiasm that is not always witnessed in Chinese converts. He was baptized by Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, and became a diligent student of the Scriptures under that good man. No sooner had Lum Foon been brought under the power of the Gospel than he was filled with the desire to bring others to Christ, and more especially to carry the good news of salvation to his parents, kinsmen, and clansmen in his village home across the seas.

He opened a drapery business on Stockton street. Instead of the usual heathen ceremonies—the setting up of household gods, burning of incense and firecrackers—he took his Bible, read aloud a chapter of Scripture, asked God's blessing upon his business, and wrote out and signed a solemn vow that if the Lord would prosper him to the extent of making four thousand dollars he would give up his business, return to China, and devote his life and fortune as a self-supporting missionary in his native *yuen*. Business soon began to prosper, but Lum Foon never allowed that solemn vow to be forgotten. He was anxious to make up for his lack of educational advantages, and employed a Chinese scholar to come after business hours to give him instruction in Chinese. In four years he had mastered the Chinese classics, had made great progress in Chinese composition, and then purchased every commentary upon the Holy Scriptures and every theological book and Christian tract published in the Chinese language, and commenced a systematic study of the whole system of Christian truth. He spent upwards of a thousand dollars in obtaining this instruction, the better to qualify him for the great work he believed the Lord had called him to do.

Lum Foon married a very remarkable woman, whose history is more tragic and thrilling than his own. She was a native of Heong Shan. In infancy she had been taken by her opium smoking father and offered as a security for a debt, and failing to redeem her at the appointed time she was sold into slavery. Here began years of incredible hardship and woe. Sold into the hands of a cruel mistress, beaten and abused from day to day, bound down to hard tasks too heavy for her strength, escaping to the mountains, hiding among the graves, living on wild fruit, only to be discovered, recaptured, and dragged back again to servitude and torture, she often longed to die. At last she was sold, carried to Hong-Kong, from thence shipped to California, where she arrived in 1871, and was there offered as a bond servant for two hundred and fifty dollars. Then followed two years of more hard work, poor fare, and cruel blows. One March evening, 1873, having heard of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in San Francisco, she watched her opportunity and fled to the Home. Dr. Otis Gibson heard a violent ring at the bell and opened the door. The poor trembling creature was taken into the Home and protected from her persecutors. At the mission she showed extraordinary intelligence. She soon acquired an excellent knowledge of the English language, and, best of all, became a true Christian.

It was under that excellent lady, Miss L. S. Templeton, that the stronger elements of her character—a character so dissimilar to the average woman of her race—was formed. Miss Templeton writes: "I have a bit of soiled paper in my possession which I value very highly, because it is the record of her own conduct for a whole month when I was absent from her. To teach her habits of self-examination I requested her to mark each day that she felt she had done what the Master would approve with a figure one, and the days that she felt she had displeased her Saviour with a cipher. The record contains three ciphers, and I know these failures caused her serious regret."

"Another interesting incident comes to mind," says Miss Templeton. "One day she was riding in the street car, sitting near the door. When the car stopped, a boy jumped upon the platform, spat in her face, and jumped off. The angry flush mounted to her cheek, and then a better impulse took possession of her. She said, turning to her teacher, 'Never mind, Jesus was spat upon; I will bear it like him.'"

This is the lady who became the wife of Lum Foon. She was a woman of rare gifts. Her conversation whether in Chinese or in the excellent English she commanded, often flashed with wit, and the intelligent opinions she expressed on the leading questions of the day astonished everyone who heard her. She was a diligent student of the Scriptures, and could hold her own in debate with the preachers on the interpretation of difficult passages of Scripture. The prosperity of her husband's business was largely owing to her shrewdness, good judgment, industry, and thrift.

One day in 1889 Lum Foon came to the writer and told him that he had made four thousand dollars in his business and felt

MR. AND MRS. LUM FOON AND THEIR CHILDREN.

bound to carry out his vow made years ago. There were difficulties in his way upon which he asked my advice. His wife was opposed to his going, and had positively refused to accompany him. I hastened to their house. She met me with a face indicating calm resolve. "It is true," said she, "I am opposed to Lum's going as a missionary. He is not fitted for the work. God has called him to be a successful man of business, but not to be a preacher. There are thousands of men better qualified than he for the work. Let him give one thousand dollars per year to the Church and stay with his business. As for me, I love America. I want my children educated and brought up in this country, and will not allow them to be taken back to China to be thrown as lambs among wolves!"

Here was a difficulty greater than I anticipated. The man was equally determined. "I must go," said Lum. "I have vowed to the Lord, and woe is that man who vows and refuses to pay his vows." He had his finger on half a dozen texts of Scripture to the same effect, and then pointing to his wife he said: "If I refuse to pay my vows I feel God will take from me every cent I have ever made, and I shall have woe and grief all my days." Never was any pastor placed in a more embarrassing position. We prayed for guidance; and left the matter in God's hands.

A month passed and I was called in once more. Husband and wife were now of one mind. I saw evidences of packing up. The whole family were to embark for China on the next steamer. It took a great wrench to tear this woman from the country and friends that had made her, by God's grace, a refined Christian gentlewoman. To many who bade them goodbye on board the steamer it was the most inspiring and hopeful scene that had ever been witnessed on that wharf. A Chinese Christian family going forth as missionaries to their own land with their little fortune all consecrated to the service of the church. How inscrutable are God's ways! Within nine months of their arrival in China, mother, son, daughter, half of Lum's family, were laid in the grave. "Swear unto me," said the mother, when near her death, to the nurse who had attended her during her sickness; "promise me that when I am dead you will not dishonor my corpse with any heathen rites, for I belong to the Holy Church of Jesus Christ." "Well said, indeed; well said," the woman replied. "It shall be as you desire." After that her eyes closed, a sweet smile lighted up her face, she was at peace. The poor husband hurried to his wife's side. He was inconsolable. In a letter to the writer he told of heathen kinsmen who stood round him like Job's and David's comforters and asked him, "Where is now thy God? Is not this an evidence that thy religion is false?" "Oh," said he, "it is hard to understand. I am like one bewildered, not knowing what all this means, but I wish you and the dear brethren to pray for me, that our heavenly Father suffer me not to fail in faith and purpose through discouragement and despair."

Our prayers were not in vain. The soul of the bereaved husband came out of that trial furnace brighter, purer, and stronger. He immediately commenced building a schoolhouse and church at his own expense, and presented this property to the Church forever. The church he has built stands high above all the surrounding property, and is known the country round as the "Jesus house," and he is called the "Jesus man." Blessed name for God's servant and God's house! The school is crowded with scholars, and every day divine service and Gospel preaching is heard in that mission chapel. Scores have been brought to God through the labors of this devoted son of our church, and the fountains of beneficence opened by Lum Foon's self-sacrificing life shall flow on and on to bless the ages that are yet to come.

A son and a daughter remain to bless Lum's home. The daughter is adopted and supported by Miss Laura Templeton, of San Francisco; a dear Christian lady, who has Lum Foon's permission to take his daughter and educate her for medical missionary work among her own people. —*Gospel in all Lands.*

TWENTY Christians can fight heroically where one can suffer greatly, and be strong, and be still.—*Cuyler.*

THE POSSIBLE CHRIST.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

Once a curious stone was shown me. It was a dull brown pebble, hardly an inch in length, fractured roughly on its sides and surface. Nothing could have been more commonplace or uninteresting.

My friend held the little stone in the light of the window. I could see in it nothing extraordinary. She moved it where the light fell with greater intensity from a different angle. Then the profile of a man's face formed itself, like a dissolving view, out of the lights and shadows of the projecting roughnesses of the stone.

Although the likeness of a human countenance was wholly accidental, it was finer and clearer than any cameo cut by tools. Ever the higher light and the increasing angle of vision brought out every feature with the clean-cut effect of sculpture. It grew into a face of exquisite spirituality. An expression of compassionate love and supreme self-sacrifice rested on every lineament.

The hair seemed to fall over a low forehead. The eye was open. The nose was straight and delicate. The mouth was shaded by the drooping of the moustache. The chin was strong and well moulded. Grecian purity of outline mingled with Hebrew fervor of expression.

As the combined purity and fervor became intensified, under light more modified, the meaning of the expressive face became almost fathomless.

Now, with a little change in the direction from which the light fell, the eyelid seemed to close upon the eye. Lower and lower it fell, till sleep spread over the face like a veil. Heavier shadows passed over it, till sleep seemed turned to death.

But again the shifting light caused the eyelid to re-open, and the beautiful look of life returned with added refinement and power.

It was almost the face of the Christ, such a face as the reverent painters of the early days of art saw as they sat waiting for the immortal vision. While we looked, it grew even more luminous and loving.

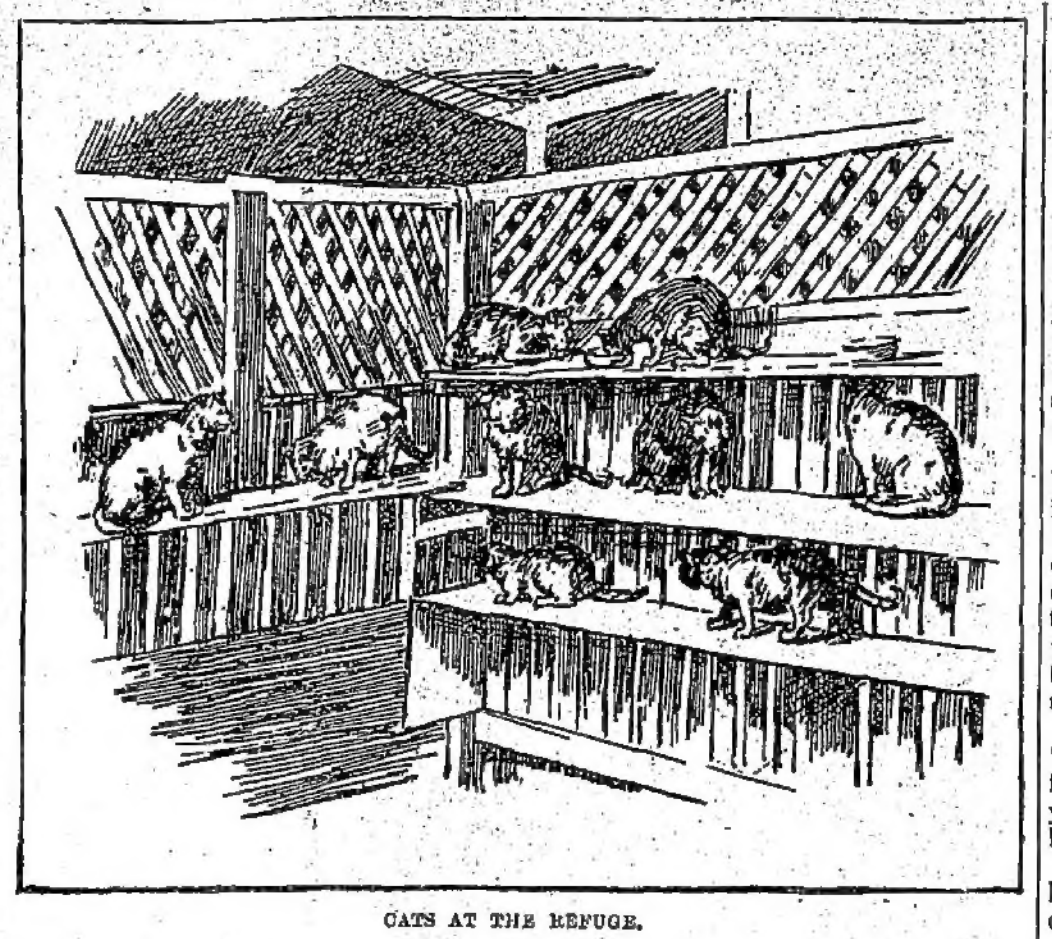
With a sudden movement the light changed, and my friend held in her hand nothing but a dull bit of common, brown limestone.

Then I knew I had seen a vision of man and of his possible transformed appearance as God looks at him in the light of his own everlasting love, and as we may look at him in that same light under the new angle of vision that we get as we place ourselves at the cross. As the ray of Christ's love falls on every man, shall we not see, fractured as he may be by sin and the abrasions of life, dull and uninteresting as he may be in himself,—shall we not see in each human soul a deeply traced, beautifully moulded image of the possible Christ!

O that with purged vision, I might see
In every man the Christ that is
Or else the Christ to be!
So, dispossessed of scorn,
With love alone
To look into the eyes of every one,
And call each one a brother,
Since there lies
The image of my Lord
Deep in his eyes.
Or if I cannot find his image there,—
The One among ten thousand only fair,—
Then will I pray that soon my Christ may be
(The Christ who died for this my brother and for me)
To him a living, bright reality.
—*Golden Rule.*

GIVE THEM AIR.

An interesting experiment that proves the value of fresh air in winter, even for very young and delicate children, was tried a few months ago in a well-known babies' hospital. All the sickly babies that were suffering from chronic indigestion and lack of nutrition, and who would not improve in spite of good food, perfectly ventilated rooms and careful bathing, were taken to the top ward of the hospital, where all the windows were open wide, wrapped as for the street and put in their perambulators. They were kept in this room from two to four hours daily and soon showed a marked improvement. Their cheeks became rosy, they gained weight and appetite, and would often fall asleep and remain so during the whole time they were in the air. Very delicate children had bags of hot water placed at their feet. It is recorded in the account of his experiment that not one child took cold as a result of it.



CATS AT THE REFUGE.

A SUMMER HOME FOR PETS.

In 1874 a number of ladies, most of whom were members of the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, banded together for the institution of the City Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals. Of this new organization Miss Elizabeth Morris was the originator. Its first beginnings were small. Quarters were obtained at 420 South Tenth street, where only a cellar and a small garret room, the latter for boarding quarters, were made use of, but the first year's work definitely demonstrated the practical value of their efforts and showed that a crying demand—or a mewing and yelping one—was being supplied, as no less than 860 cats and dogs were cared for. With each succeeding season the number was increased, and after four years of growth the Refuge was removed to roomier quarters at 1242 Lombard street, where, in 1888, the 'Morris Refuge Association for Homeless Suffering Animals' was organized and named in honor of its founder, and in the following year was incorporated under the laws of the State as a charitable institution.

The objects of the association are to protect homeless or straying cats, dogs or other small animals from starvation and from the sportive, ubiquitous and thoughtless small boy or, more rarely, the brutal adult; to board pet animals during the temporary sojourn of their owners away from town, and to give shelter to unclaimed animals or put them out of their misery.

The Refuge has remained at its Lombard street headquarters since the incorporation of the association, with ample accommodations for its inmates. These consist of a good-sized yard with a cemented bottom, surrounded top and bottom by wire netting, in which cats brought to be boarded are kept. About three sides of this enclosure are three rows of sloping shelves, peopled on the sunny sides by well-groomed comfortable-looking cats, and naturally there are never more nor drowsier cats in the yard than in the dog days, when cats, like oysters, are out of season. From the yard upward to a room in the second story of the Refuge there leads a chute, through which they may seek protection in inclement weather. There are also pens for temporary guests, and at the rear of the building is a large oven for suffocation.

The association also possesses a branch known as the 'Temporary Home for Dogs,' at 923 South Eleventh street. Here dogs are boarded and well cared for in a large yard in which are a quantity of spacious kennels. There is also a run. Strayed or homeless dogs, if deemed of sufficient value, are also detained here for two weeks on the expectation that some one may find a warm spot in his or her heart for one among them and take it, gratis, to a good home, for no dogs are ever sold from the home, but may be obtained at any time if a good home and kind treatment are promised. If at the fortnight's end no owner, past or prospective, has appeared and no one cares to prolong poor doggy's life by paying for its keep, at the rate of fifty cents per week, its quietus is made, not 'with a bare bodkin,' but with the fumes of burning charcoal or by the inhalation of chloroform, methods both most merciful.

Any one humane enough to pity the treatment of a strayed or homeless dog at the tender mercies of the dog-catchers doomed to misery and an untimely end in the city pound, may save it unnecessary wretchedness, possibly prolong its days, and certainly insure it an easy death, if death be needful, by taking it to the Refuge and giving it into the hands of Superintendent John C. West, or those of Agent Hyland Reed, of the Temporary Home, at 923 South Eleventh street, by notifying them by postal card of his whereabouts. Families shutting up house for a season to leave the city are often in a quandary as to what to do with Puss or Carlo in the interim. Carlo, if he is a dog of breeding, is provided for, but too often Puss or Tom, through the popular error that all cats are crafty and can shift for themselves, is turned out of doors to become an Ishmaelite.

Animals are conveyed to the Refuge either in the covered waggon of the institution or in baskets, each of which contains three compartments.

Superfluous animals are taken to the kiln in the rear of the Refuge—a rectangular structure of oven-like interior, into which carbon dioxide is introduced by means of a stove-pipe from a small stove in which charcoal is burned. Chloroform is used for destroying the larger animals, beneath inverted tubes. No fee is charged for chloroforming an animal at the owner's home, or, in case of rabbies, shooting it, or for removing it alive to the Refuge or Home. Last year 150 barrels of charcoal and ninety-six pounds of chloroform were required to relieve the suffering and to suppress the surplus canine and feline population of the city dealt with at the Refuge. By these means 21,768 cats, dogs and smaller creatures were quietly done to death out of the total of 21,973.—*Topics.*

A GRADUATE OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

By Annie A. Preston.

'Where did you graduate?' asked a young college man of a new acquaintance, who had been asking intelligent questions regarding the curriculum of his alma mater.

'At the little brick schoolhouse, in the Bald Mountain district, where I was born.'

'Excuse me; but you seemed so conversant with the classics, as well as with modern languages, that I of course supposed you to be a college man.'

'I have been in business since I was a mere boy. I graduated in Greenleaf's 'Arithmetic,' and was tolerably thorough in the other so-called 'common branches,' at the district school, and our minister, who was one of the town committee, got me a place with his brother, who was in the shoe business in the nearest city.

'The minister was a good, fatherly-sort of man, a real pastor; and appreciating how strange his lambkin would feel in his new pasture, he went with me, and stayed a few days until I became used to the place. He was one of the sort of ministers who do their preaching in the pulpit, and outside enter with ready sympathy into the individual lives of their flocks.

During our journey on the steam-cars he dropped into my mind a good many ideas regarding the value of time. He took a newspaper, showed me the pettiness of the trivial daily happenings that it chronicled, and taught me to take in the telegraph news and the editorial page, by which I could keep up with the times by the expenditure of a very few minutes each morning.

'You are going into business,' he said, 'and your cousin Frank goes to school to fit him for college. Now, if you choose, you may at forty be as scholarly a man as he is.

'When I looked puzzled and incredulous, he took a small volume of miscellaneous essays from his pocket.

'You are fond of reading,' he went on. 'Now, instead of spending your precious odd moments of time over gossipy newspapers and trashy novels, master the contents of this book. If you want books for reference or for further study, you will find them in my brother's library; you are to board in his family.'

I took the volume and put it in my pocket with a feeling of mingled curiosity and dismay; but that very night, as we were going out home by the train, I peeped into it, and after that—I may say ever since that evening, for I have, all these years, boarded outside the city, and gone back and forth by train—I spent the time of transit in study.

'That little book was suggestive. It led me to study the Bible, or to keep up my study begun in infancy at home, at the Sunday school, and in the district school, for each morning's session was begun with a general exercise of prayer, praise, and reading of the New Testament, in which the teacher catechised us as thoroughly as in our geography.

'It was a long time before I mastered the little volume so that I understood every allusion but when I had arrived at that point, I had acquired a love for study and a knowledge of the fact that nothing is small or of little importance. The seed is at the root of the ripened harvest, and those garnered moments were my seed-time of study.

'I have told this story a great many times to a great many young people. I like to buy suggestive books and to give them away. I do it as interest paid for the little volume of essays, and in memory of my dear old pastor, who never outlived his love for the young or his interest in their advancement.

'Once in a while I see the seed taking root and bearing fruit. I have a young friend who is pastor of a church in a manufacturing district, where there are a great many young working people, most of whom are only graduates of the district school, but by being taught the value of time and of making the most of opportunities they are making marvellous spiritual and mental growth.

'He has organized a reading-club and a library as auxiliary to the society of Christian Endeavor, and has regular classes in English literature, history, civil government, and physical geography. The younger members are studying the town in which they live; its geometrical form, its geographical position, its area, its government, its politics, its resources. They are making a cabinet of everything to be found in the township, vegetable, animal, and mineral, and classifying the specimens intelligently.

'I am free to say that there is not a resident of that town who is not astonished at the extent and variety of that collection, and the work is by no means done yet; and what greatly enhances its value in my eyes is that it is entirely the product of odd minutes.'

'According to your theory,' said the college man, who had been an interested listener, 'any one with a thorough common-school education for a basis, and with a realization of the value of odd minutes, may attain to almost anything in the way of education.'

'Nothing is more true; yet I do not by any means belittle the advantages of a university course, but I do say: Make the most of the common school; magnify the work of the teachers of the common school; put none but the best into that position, and impress them with the fact that they have under their care, from day to day, the future men and women that are to hold this country as a Christian nation.'—*Golden Rule.*

A LITTLE SERMONIZER.

Dick and Mary were looking for shells by wading out beyond the reefs.

But to-day they had found something besides shells; a gray and white bird with a long curved beak lay on the sand, dead, with a hole in its head. Dick looked at the feathered body curiously, Mary pitifully.

"Mary," said the boy, suddenly, "when you die you're going to look just like that. How does anybody know there's any more of us than of a bird—any soul, I mean?"

"What a curious boy you are!" exclaimed Mary, with a little shiver, "how do I know?"

But Dick picked up the dead bird, and carried bird and question to his Sabbath school teacher, who happened to be coming towards them on the sand.

How did she know there was any more of him than of a bird?

"Dick," said Miss Effie, "suppose you had been shot, and were lying on the sand, and this bird had passed over you, would it have stopped to pity you?"

"I suppose not," said the boy.

"Would it have wondered who shot you, and whether you had gone to heaven?"

"No, not likely."

"Well, then, little boy, you find something in you that can love and hate and be sorry and wonder and ask questions, that the bird had not. That's the part of you that God has another home for when this body-home dies."

Dick and Mary buried the bird in the sand, but the lady's words lived on in little Dick's mind.—*Statesman.*

A MAD DOG.

On the main street of a certain town a citizen tied a mad dog with a long tether. Many of the passersby were bitten; some were dying. The citizens in consultation said: "We must found a hospital, and fit it out with the most approved apparatus for the cure of hydrophobia." So the hospital was built and kept full. A plain man suggested, "Why build a hospital; better kill the dog!" "Kill the dog!" exclaimed one of the taxpayers, "don't you know, sir, that that man pays well to keep that dog there?"

Now the dog is liquor and the town is America.

SAVE YOUR PENNIES AND YOURSELVES.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Save your pennies, boys, you'll need them
In your business bye-and-bye
You'll be glad the smoke's beneath you
When you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows; and, if you've got it,
Why just plant it in a bank.
When you find how it increases
Friendly counsels you will thank.

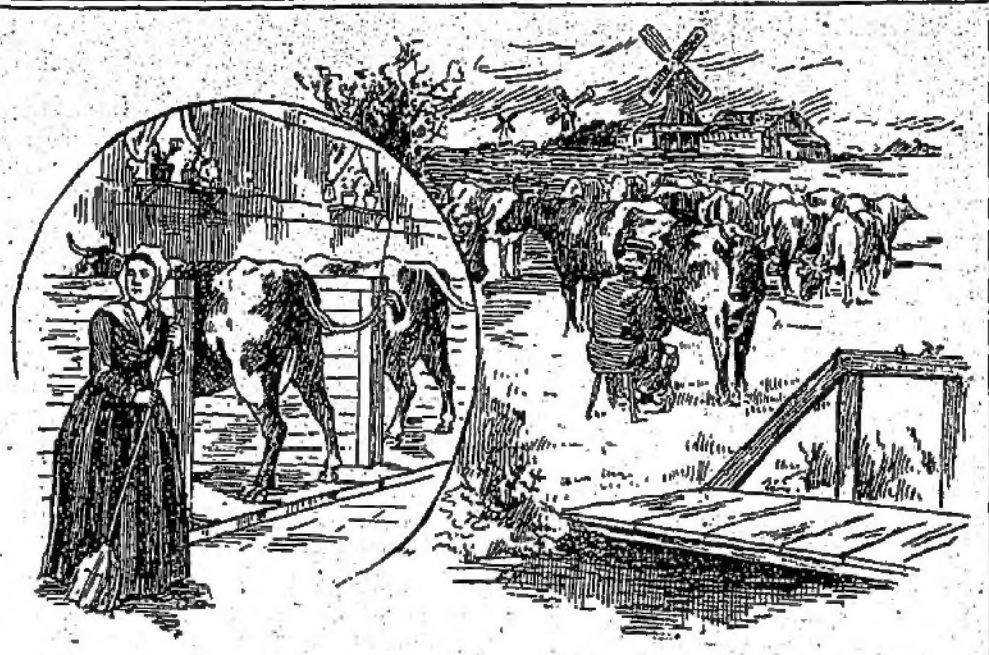
With the mossy growth of interest
You can do some generous things;
And the good deeds will uplift you
Till your souls are touched with wings.

Reach for naught that makes you poorer,
Shun the wily cigarette;
And tobacco's train that follows
You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil
Through the din of drink and smoke;
But keep straight along the clear road,
Do not deem it brag or joke

To do aught that might defile you,
Count your gains of strength each day,
Knowing only in God's sunshine
You can make life's travel pay.

—*Union Signal.*



A COWS' PARADISE.

Washed, combed, groomed, petted, and luxuriantly stabled in winter like the finest of our race horses and put to graze in flowery, well-watered green fields in summer, the Holstein cows of Holland can envy no animal the world over.

The two lions represented upon the heraldic shield of the Netherlands might well be replaced by two great black and white Holstein cows, for the masses of the people worship cows. Cows they watch sometimes with more care than they give their own children; cows they nurse through sickness, cows they save their money to buy, and of cows they talk while awake and dream while asleep.

Children are brought up with parental reverence for cows, and no member of the human family is thought too good to sleep under the same roof with the beloved kine.

The traveller landing in Holland during spring time will see vast herds of fine cattle in every stretch of green meadows—and stretches of green meadow are everywhere in this flat and almost treeless country. Every shadeless field is defined by a deep stream of pure water flowing between prim, flowery banks, which serve, instead of fences to keep the cattle within bounds.

A grotesque sight to people from places where cows are not of the first importance is the spectacle of the most delicate cows enveloped in canvas coverings. The costly creatures, lately freed from their warm winter stables, are apt to take cold from the inclemencies of the early spring, hence their blankets are not removed until the weather becomes safely warm.

The cattle remain under the blue vault of heaven day and night from the first of May until the first of November. Then they are taken into the cow-houses to remain through the cold Holland winter. During the summer the cows are milked twice a day in the fields.

"Cow stable" is to us a name for a humble and unclean edifice, but cow stable in Holland has another meaning. No parlor is purer nor more carefully tended than the habitation of the much loved kine.

The busy Dutch farmer does not usually care to give any of his time to curiosity-seekers, and it is not always easy for the stranger to gain admission to his household; but we secured a letter to a farmer near Broek, in North Holland, which admitted us to his cow-house, and to his residence at the same time. Both were under one roof. Cow stable and parlor adjoined, and one was quite as clean as the other.

We were conducted to the stable first, which in reality was a wide hall, with a strip of oilcloth down the centre. Rows of tiny square windows, high up on both sides, were curtained with spotless lace or thin white net, tied back with ribbons. Pots of blooming-flowers were set on the sills of the windows looking south.

Beneath each curtained window was a cow-stall—there were twenty-six in all, such luxurious and dainty little places! On the floors, which were of porcelain, a thick layer of clean, white sawdust had been placed, and this was stamped into patterns of stars and wheels and circles, and various geometrical designs.

Of course the return of the cows from the fields to their winter quarters breaks these pretty sawdust designs into a confused mass, but during the summer they are carefully preserved thus.

Before and behind each row of stalls runs a trough of clear water, the first for the cows to drink from, the second to wash away all impurities. In the ceiling behind every stall is fixed a kind of iron hook, whose strange and ludicrous office is to hold high in the air the cow's tail, that she may not soil the carefully combed member!

One wonders that the cows' tails, after many generations of this tying-up process, do not grow straight up. One extravagant book of travel tried to make us believe that the tails are often tied with blue ribbons, but this we found to be an exaggeration.

It is not, however, an exaggeration to say that the cattle, every day during the winter, are washed off with warm soap-suds, dried, rubbed, combed, coddled and talked to, as if they were children; that the air of their stable is as pure as the atmosphere outside, and that no pains are spared to keep them healthy and comfortable.

Under such kind treatment they become plump, glossy and gentle animals that repay their owners by an enormous quantity of milk.

Leading us from the cow stable into an adjoining apartment, the farmer's wife showed us long rows of cheese presses containing round, firm Edam cheeses which would be ready to remove from their molds after thirty-six hours of pressure.

Every press, every bowl, every churn, every linen cloth, every pot and pan used in the making of this cheese, spoke of the most absolute cleanliness, and told of hours of washing and scrubbing and rubbing.

After seeing the filthy manner in which maccaroni is made in Naples, I made a vow never to touch a mouthful of it again. After seeing the sweetness of the cheese-making process in Holland, I made a vow to eat Dutch cheese whenever I could get it. In cleanliness and purity it can be excelled by no manufactured article of food in the world.

"Clean! clean!" clean! we repeated again and again, and the rosy little farmer's wife smiled with pleasure. "Clean" was evidently the one English word that she could understand.

She invited us into the living-room just in front of the cow's apartment, and offered us milk. As we drank we looked around the room and sniffed the air suspiciously, but although the stable was adjoining, not the slightest odor of cows could we detect in that clean little room.

The one elegant piece of furniture here was a tall carved Dutch chest. Our hostess opened the doors of this, and displayed piles of white linen therein, enough to stock a shop. Opening another door, which we had supposed led into another room, we saw it was simply the door to the bed, which was just a shelf in the wall piled high with feathers and linen. Whether the Hollanders shut themselves in entirely in these curious beds, or leave the door ajar while asleep, I could not learn.

"Perhaps they are the cows' beds," suggested a giddy one of our number. "Ask her!"

The little smiling woman shook her head in reply to the question, though after what we had just seen we should hardly have been surprised if she had told us that on cold winter nights the cows curl themselves in these downy niches in the walls.

The wooden pattens of the farmer who had brought us here in his calash were now clattering on the stones outside, and we knew that it was time for us to leave this "cows' castle." With the pleasant lowing of fine Holsteins in our ears, we drove across the green fields and into the road which led to the canal-boat that was to take us away.

How broad and round was our host, the rich owner of herds of fine cows! In his black cap, blue blouse and white wooden pattens, what an ideal type of a Dutch farmer!

I shall never forget the gratified smile he gave us when we praised his splendid cattle, and told him that nowhere in the world, outside of Holland, could we have seen their equal.—*Eleanor H. Patterson, in Youth's Companion.*

A YOUNG HERO'S DEATH.

There were many instances of personal bravery among the officers and crew of the ill-fated British warship, 'Victoria,' when she was sunk by the 'Camperdown,' but none was more striking or affecting than that related of one of the Midshipmen. Herbert Marsden Lanyon was a 'middy' on the 'Victoria,' one of the youngest and brightest of the group of merry youths on the great warship. He was seventeen and he had already served on smaller naval vessels so acceptably that he secured promotion. No lad was more loyal or more promising, and his boyish features were the index of a heart at once gentle and fearless. On the day of the fatal collision, midshipman Lanyon was at his post as a petty

BRAVE MIDSHIPMAN LANYON.

officer on deck. After the 'Camperdown' had rammed the 'Victoria,' the latter quickly began to settle, and it soon became apparent that she was doomed. Vain efforts were make to keep her afloat, and at last an attempt was made to get out the boats. There was no panic, but when the men realized that they were face to face with death, the word was passed that each must try to save himself quickly. Hundreds sprang overboard into the sea; others clung to the rigging in the vain hope that even yet the threatened disaster might be averted. In that dread moment, when Admiral Tryon saw that his order had caused a terrible calamity he was passing from the chart-room to the bridge when he saw Midshipman Lanyon at his post of duty. All the others were striving to escape, fearing that the next moment must witness the overturning of the 'Victoria,' when all would be engulfed in the vortex.

The Admiral turned toward the little 'middy,' who had touched his cap in respectful salute: 'Save yourself,' he said huskily. 'Be quick, my man! Don't you see, she's going down?'

The little 'middy' smiled, but did not move. The 'Victoria' was already capsizing, and lay at a fearful angle, her bulwarks gradually sinking to the surface of the waters.

'Quick!' repeated Admiral Tryon, as he pointed to the sea now alive with swimming sailors.

Again the little 'middy' smiled and a halo seemed to hover about the brave young face. 'If you please, sir, he said, once more saluting, 'I stick to the ship and if I go down I go down with the Admiral.'

Brave young heart! A moment later, with a great lurch and a throb as of a giant in agony, the mighty warship heeled and capsized and both Admiral and 'middy' sank to rise no more. But whenever the story of the loss of the 'Victoria' is told, when men falter and women weep as they speak of the gallant Tryon who went down with his ship, they recall the heroism of the little midshipman who perished with his Commander rather than desert his post.

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

"Oh, dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad! Now I've got to stay indoors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all, and I'll have to just stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the ducks' backs."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine," said Jennie; "why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack.

"Now, let me give you three rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first;" and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy; 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture books are all torn, and—"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's a newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! Why, how you talk."

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out a tea tray and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many pleasant amusements, and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good-night, dear little sunshine maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read: "Sunshine Factory.—Uncle Jack and Little Jennie."

MISCALCULATION.

The Boston *Globe* prints a story which reminds one of the old saying about the shoemaker and his last.

A Yarmouth captain had a small coasting schooner lying in port, and decided to give a lesson to painters in general by himself painting the vessels name on her bows. He could not reach high enough from the float, and did not care to put out a swinging stage, so he reached down over the side to do the lettering.

After finishing the job on one bow, he went ashore to view his handiwork, and this is what met his gaze—ꓤIꓭꓷOꓥIꓤ

THERE IS NO END to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there,
And the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

THE MAKING OF GODS.

In India a carpenter will not leave his work at night without first making a little rude image of clay, something like a man or an animal, and setting it up to keep watch over his work through the night. In China they manufacture idol gods whenever they take a fancy to do so. The Chinese are very superstitious, and if anything happens which seems mysterious, or which they cannot understand, they think that there are "signs of the divinity" present. And their notion is that wherever these signs of divinity are they must make a temple, more or less elaborate, for the god who is near. A missionary in the province of Sz'chuen writes to *China's Millions* of two cases in which new gods were set up near his home. We copy his account here:

Some years ago a mandarin left Chen-tu to undertake official duties in a hill city, Lugan, in the north of this province, which I visited four years ago. One day his Excellency heard a bird chirping near the roadside. Calling his bearers to stop, he told one of his followers to see what bird it was. The bird was found trapped close by. Desiring to possess the bird, and being told what would be a fair price, the mandarin said to his men, 'Take that dry fish off the sedan-chair, put it under the trap, and we will take the bird and go.' This was accordingly done. By and by the trapper came along to seek for spoil, but instead of finding a bird, to his utter amazement there, right under the trap, lay a large dried fish. Consulting with his neighbors, they came to the conclusion that the spot had surely 'shown signs of divinity.' The fish was beyond doubt a god, and a shrine must be built, the occasion being an auspicious one for the locality. Ere long, accordingly, a new shrine, called the 'Dry Fish Temple,' was built, the fish god becoming eventually famous for its miraculous powers of healing various diseases, and the spot being visited by many worshippers from the district around.

"After five years the mandarin's term of office ended, and he was returning to Chan-tu to a new post, when one day, noticing the new shrine and struck by its name, he bade his chair-bearers put him down. Stepping out of his chair, the great man entered the temple, the priest in charge telling him all about the origin of the affair—of the dry fish found by the astonished trapper, the building of the temple, and of the now famous god. Thereupon the mandarin publicly told the truth about the matter, to the dismay of those who made money by the god. The story getting abroad, pilgrims ceased to visit the spot; the priest went elsewhere to seek a living; the temple fell into ruin and decay; and the god was soon no more."

A NEW STONE GOD IN CHEN-TU.

The same writer in *China's Millions* tells of other new gods:

"During the last twelve months a number of spots in and out of the city have 'shown signs of divinity,' and many new shrines have been built. I will give one instance of this god-making business on a street not far from where we live.

"For some years a stone dedicated to Mount T'ai—one of the famous pilgrim resorts in North China—had been standing naked and neglected against the street wall, worshipped by no one. Last winter, however, it suddenly became famous, having 'shown signs of divinity.' As a result, a temple which arches a wide road has been built, decorated with dozens of painted tablets, the gifts of grateful worshippers who have had, or were supposed to have had, answers to their petitions, and the fame of the shrine is increasing. You may ask the question, 'How did the neglected stone show signs of divinity?' A carpenter's apprentice, one evening last autumn, stole a piece of red muslin from a neighboring shrine. This he hung over the head of the neglected stone god. Above the god on the plastered wall the mischievous youth scribbled, 'Yin k' iu pih yin,' a native saying equivalent to the text, 'Ask and it shall be given you.' The next day the story got abroad in the neighborhood that the old stone god had 'shown signs of divinity,' a most auspicious event. About a dozen householders formed into a committee, soliciting subscriptions to build the god a house to live in. Money was forthcoming, and soon the present well-appointed shrine was built. When finished it was formally thrown open, with feasting and merry-making. A Taoist priest opened the eyes of the god that he might see, his ear that he might hear, his nose that he might smell—all by chanting mystic prayers. This ceremony completed, the god is reckoned a full-fledged divinity, having the power to bestow or withhold blessings."

Do not such stories as these show us how much the Chinese need to be taught of the one living and true God?—*Dayspring.*

TOM'S BRIGHT IDEA.

A TRUE STORY.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

Ruby and Jenny were sitting on the old lounge in a corner of the sitting-room making clothes for their dolls, and their brother Tom, who was fourteen years old, sat in one of the open windows, dangling his feet outside and whistling. There was plenty of work he could have done had he chosen to do it. There was the calf to be fed, the door of the chicken-house to be closed for the night, the kindling to split, and half a dozen other little tasks that fell to his share regularly every evening.

But Tom—as was frequently the case—felt lazy, and so he sat in the window and whistled and kept his idle hands in his pockets, where he had three pennies, two stones, a jack-knife, a piece of string, a lead-pencil, several fish-hooks, a brass ring, five keys, and some other things too valuable to be kept anywhere except on his person.

'I should think you girls would be sick of sewing,' he remarked, as he finished his tune. 'You've been at it all this blessed afternoon.'

'We are going to stop very soon now,' rejoined Ruby. 'It's getting so dark in here we can hardly see.'

'As soon as I get these buttons sewed on I'm going to put up all my things, and go down cellar after some apples,' said little Jenny, as she threaded her needle, and picked up the big brass thimble that would fall off no matter how many rags she put in it to make it fit her small finger.

Tom, who had begun to whistle again, stopped suddenly, smiled broadly, and jumped down from the window, his eyes danced with mischief. An idea, which seemed to him very bright, had popped into his head. He went to the barn on a run; but he had no intention of feeding the calf or attending to his other duties there. Had he stopped to do so this story would never have been written.

The little girls finished their sewing and began to pack their doll clothes into a large pasteboard box.

'I wonder if Tom will ever make that bureau he promised us,' said Ruby.

'He says he never has time,' sighed little Jenny. 'He hardly ever uses his tools now.'

'I guess he could find time if he tried hard,' said Ruby. 'He has plenty of time to go fishing and train Bose to jump hurdles.'

'Let's beg him again when he comes in to supper,' suggested Jenny.

'All right. Now let's go after the apples. We'll have to take a candle, for the cellar's dark as pitch.'

They found a candle in the kitchen on the shelf over the sink. Ruby lighted it, and went down the cellar stairs first, Jenny following close behind.

At the foot of the stairs was a small hall with one door which opened into the cellar, and generally stood ajar. There was nothing in the hall except a large box full of excelsior in which a set of china had been packed.

The little girls had reached the foot of the stairway, and were about to cross the hall when they were startled by hearing a dismal groan, and the next instant a dark object with a great flapping of wings and hideous cries darted from under the stairway and rushed past into the cellar.

With an awful shriek that echoed through the whole house, Ruby turned and rushed up the cellar stairs, throwing the candle from her in her terror, and not noticing that it fell into the box of excelsior.

Poor little Jenny was too much terrified to utter a sound, and though she managed to crawl up the stairs to the kitchen she had hardly reached the door when she fell heavily to the floor in convulsions.

Mrs. Burch, startled by Ruby's screams came running from her bed-room in the second story, and the next moment had the unconscious child in her arms, while Ruby clung to her, sobbing and shrieking.

'Hi! hi!' cried Tom, dancing in. 'I gave you a good scare, didn't I, you sillies? You ought'—

He stopped abruptly, horrified by the look of agony on his mother's pale face, as she bent over the quivering little figure in her lap.

'Run for the doctor, quick, Tom,' she said hurriedly, 'Jenny has a spasm.'

Tom may live to be an old man, but he will never forget as long as there is breath in his body what he felt as he turned to obey his mother's order. For a moment he seemed paralyzed; there was a dull, heavy feeling about his head, and he was scarcely conscious of motion as he walked to the gate.

A buggy drawn by a stout gray horse went by just as he opened the gate. Everybody in the neighborhood knew Dr. Prewhitt's big gray horse, and Tom's heart gave a great bound.

'Doctor! Doctor Prewhitt,' he shouted at the top of his voice, and it was so strained and hoarse that it didn't seem like his own voice at all.

The doctor heard, looked back, and then turned the horse slowly around. Three minutes later he was out of the buggy, and hurrying along the little path that led around the house to the back door, his medicine case in his hand and Tom at his heels.

'Stop! what's that big light down there?' he asked, as they passed the cellar window. 'Good gracious, boy! Your cellar's on fire!'

Tom stood as if petrified, his eyes almost starting from his head.

'Quick! there's no time to be lost!' cried the doctor. 'Bring buckets,' and he dashed the medicine case into a flower-bed, and seizing a bucket of water that stood on a bench by the kitchen door, rushed down into the cellar through the trap door that stood open, Tom having neglected to close it when he had made his exit after carrying out that bright idea.

'Fire! fire!' screamed Tom as he ran into the kitchen after the buckets from the sink.

He could never remember very clearly all that took place during the next fifteen minutes. It was well that Doctor Prewhitt was there to help, or in a short time there would have been no house left. Tom worked like a Trojan carrying water from the well, and only the big box of excelsior and the cellar stairs were burned. But both the doctor and Tom were nearly choked by smoke before the flames were conquered, and they dared take a breathing spell.

But the doctor had Jenny to attend to, then, and it was almost an hour later before he thought it safe to leave her. She had passed from one convulsion into another, and Mrs. Burch was almost crazed with grief for her child and fright about the fire. The doctor had to give her some medicine, too, before he left.

Not until he had been gone some time, and Jenny was sleeping fitfully, did Mrs. Burch have time to ask any questions of Tom. Then she learned the whole story, for Tom was no coward and confessed his folly without making any excuses for himself except to say that he had frightened his twin sisters 'just for fun.'

'A piece of fun that might have cost us our home and Jenny's life, said Mrs. Burch severely. 'But I am not able to talk to you about it now.'

But Tom, too wretched to make any reply, went off to bed, wondering if his mother would ever love or trust him again: and thinking that he couldn't blame her much if she never did.

Jenny, though very weak and nervous the next morning, was able to be up; but it was a long, long time before she recovered fully from the fright she had received and nothing could induce her ever to enter the cellar again after dark.

Tom made what amends he could. He was handy with tools, and so was able to make a new flight of steps into the cellar; and he gave up teaching Bose to jump hurdles, and let the fish have a rest from hook and line while he fashioned a little bureau for Jenny's doll clothes.

She has it still, and sometimes when children admire it and ask her who made it, she tells them about her brother Tom's piece of fun, which was a lesson he never forgot, and which cured him of playing practical jokes for the rest of his life.—*Standard.*

SINGLE REFORMERS.

Some one has said: "Once in a while, when a great fortress is to be taken, God will bring out a great field-piece and rake all with the fiery hail of destruction. But common muskets do most of the hard fighting. It took only one Joshua, and the thousands of common troops under him, to break down the walls of cities, and, under the wrathful strokes, to make nations fly like sparks from the anvil. It took only one Luther for Germany, one Zwingli for Switzerland, one John Knox for Scotland, one Calvin for France, and one John Wesley for England."

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS SAY OF US.

The August number of "Books and Notions" says.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed 'Editor of the "Northern Messenger."'